

Back and Changed

by HPMags

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Summary: Harry Potter isn't a fantasy anymore, it's history.

Back and Changed

Crack! The thunder of the horrifying storm outside of the small townhouse shook the fragile structure. Falon Trace enjoyed the thundering chaos outside and sat on her four poster bed, with her brown , long hair swept in a flawless braid. Some would call her a HP super fan since her whole room was HP themed with the four corners painted in, dark blue, crimson red, diamond yellow and dark green to represent the 4 houses. Clutching her favourite book, Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets and sat near the silver and dark green painted window sill, savoring the thunder.

In the storm covered pitch black sky, Falon noticed a figure at the corner of her eye. She saw a cloaked in grey man standing to her neighbour's balcony. His whole body was covered with shades of grey, even his face with a fedora. Falon watched in interest, knowing the fact he's not her neighbour she wanted to know what he's up to. She carefully positioned her face, putting her face next to the window so the strange man wouldn't see her. The cloaked man reached his hands into the inner of his cloak and took out something gold. Falon was horribly near-sighted and could barely see the object she strained her eyes for it to come into her vision. He started to twist the edges of the object again and again. Falon got suspicious, it looked awfully lot like a time turner. When he finally stopped, he turned his head suddenly towards Falon, as if he knew she was there all the time. Falon was surprised as a pair of brown eyes bore into her own emerald green eyes and nearly lost her balance. She jumped and swept her silver curtains closed. Before she can run to her parents, the soft, silky cloth materialized.

"AHH!" Falon screamed in fear and looked around in terror, her room began changing. Her possessions disappearing. She tried to hold onto

her possessions but her but her limbs won't move.

"Mom! Dad! HELP!" She yelled at the top of her lungs but her parents didn't come.

Her heart dropped to her stomach and looked around at her changing room and panicked. \_Okay, you have quite an imagination for a 13 year old. \_She giggled nervously and tried to convince her mind that everything was alright. At last, her room is empty and her house began to deconstruct itself and a shining sun appeared in the roofless sky the changed into a dark blue night and starry sky. It seems like time was passing, suddenly, a force hit Falon and she flew backwards causing pain on her back. Finally she landed on hard, solid ground.

"Agh" She grunted from the sudden impact.

She examined her surroundings, a deep forest with little grass but hundred year old trees heavily shadowed by the darkness of the night. A giant detailly designed castle with four thick towers blurred into her vision, most of the structure was light gray, but one of the tower was tinted slightly red, another coloured light blue. A tall 10 meter elegant fence, with animals of lions, ravens, badgers and snakes curved into its design. The fence surrounded the ancient castle and in front stood a large golden sign with beautiful writing, on there the words "Hogwarts - School of Witchcraft and Wizardry" engraved on the smooth surface. Falon gasped in surprise, \_Hogwarts! Hogwarts! Harry Potter! Time Turner, back in time, but Harry Potter is just fiction right? Unless! Harry Potter is real! The wizarding world exists! No Falon, it's only a dream, or a realistic hallucination if I hit my head too hard. \_Falon thought frantically, trying to reason with herself that it's just her imagination doing the work. \_But Time Turners don't work that way right? The teleporter must touch it right?! Nevermind, I must be on the edge of the Forbidden Forest, better get outta here! No, people would see me and if this is actual history, I'll be changing stuff from the past and let's not take risks. Plan wait until morning, and go to Hogwarts as a student, then find a Time Turner. The last thing I'd want is a professor finding me wandering around in the halls during night.\_

Out of one of the many grand gateways of Hogwarts, a group of people walked out of Hogwarts, the shadows of the castle casted over them that made it impossible to identify them. Their footsteps crunch on the fallen leaves of fall as they walk through the huge meadows that circles the majestic building. Falon stood still, careful not to make a sound. The group seemed to be heading towards a hut. \_Hagrid's Hut. \_Falon was sure of it, she took a peek at it and she could hardly call it a hut. Even though the hut was poorly designed and renovated, structure was at least 2 times the size of their townhouse. Nevertheless, the thatched roof of the building barely reached a quarter of the height of the Hogwart's smallest doors. The group knocked on the hut's aged, wooden door and a giant figure answered it. Light poured out, even through her poor vision she was sure the giant figure was Hagrid and found a man with a lime green bowler hat perched on top of a short and stubby man who stood at the head of the group. Falon knew that this was when Hagrid is arrested. Not wanting to disturb time, Falon crept in the protective shadows of the Forbidden Forest and trotted deep in the woods to ensure no one would find her while she's sleeping. Her eyes were tired from trauma and

notice a sudden brown wall in front of her. Falon reacted slower than usual, in a split of a second, 2 giant pincers grabbed her.

"Ahhh!" She screamed in fear.

She was face to face with the 8 eyes of a giant spider, even with eight bright red murderous pupils, they seemed soulless. Falon knew that giant spiders murders heartlessly and tried to push away. Her struggle was useless and was answered with a searing pain in her right hand, it felt like a knife stabbing her and the back of her eyes burned with tears.

"Who dares to enter my forest? A raspy voice asked.

" Are you Aragog?" Falon managed to whimper an inquiry, she was almost definite the animal was.

"Yes, how do you know my title?" questioned Aragog.

At that moment, the deep voice of Hagrid boomed from far away "Yeh can' take meh teh Azkaban!" \_Oh no! Harry and Ron must be going to the forest now, if Aragog isn't there, his children will serve them for dinner. \_Falon thought.

"I've asked you to answer me! Aragog demanded, his voice was full of anger now and his pincers tightened.

"I am a student f-from Hog-gwarts that acc-cidentally w-wandered into the Forbidden For-rest" Falon stuttered.

"Accident or not, my children would love tearing up your flesh from your body" Aragog said in a sly voice.

Unexpectedly, his pincers let go , but with immense speed and strength ,his pincers locked onto her neck and blocking all air to her lungs. Falon wheezed and gasped for breath, her lungs burned for oxygen, every single vein could be seen in her green eyes. She was about to pass out from suffocation. Suddenly, FAWANG! An arrow landed just inches away from the spider's long hairy legs. Aragog jumped in shock, his pincers released Falon and she gasped for breath furiously.

"Murdering a student is a dishonor to Hogwarts people who kindly gave us this land." A dark red creature with a muscular body and determined eyes said in a soft voice. The creature's top half was a handsome man, but his leg were stretched out in a body of a horse. It was a centaur. \_Firenze\_. Falon identified. He was the only centaur that respects humans.

"Are you alright, young lady?" Firenze asked in a polite voice.

\_No I can't change history anymore. Harry and Ron might be dead because of me. Then Voldemort would take over. \_Falon ran without looking back. In the rhythm of her own footsteps she couldn't hear if Firenze is following her. When she was almost at Hagrid's hut, Falon saw a turquoise car ramming into the Forbidden Forest. She sighed in relief, at least Voldemort can be defeated" Falon still needs a shelter and she is not going back to the forest. Suddenly, thirst bubbled up in her throat. She looked around and saw the lake in front of Hogwarts main entrance. Falon dragged her fatigued body to the

lake, she cupped her hands and dipped it into the silky and cold water.

She drank greedily even with the deep gash on her hand stinging at the touch of the substance, without her noticing, objects began to emerge from the dark body of water. All of a sudden, a midnight blue tentacle flew out of the water, Falon reacted quickly and dodged. Her stomach began to churn as several more tentacles began attacking, it was the giant squid. Running was the first option on her mind but the limb of the mollusk strategically blocked her path towards Hogwarts and the forest. The pale pink suction cups moved menacingly as the tentacles slid sudden bravery, Falon leapt over the closest tentacle, feeling the slimy feeling of the squid and ducked several more. Her body was getting tired out and Falon was trying her best to keep running. A sudden soft but powerful force hit her on the head, and Falon nearly passed out from the impact. With her head throbbing and the razor sharp teeth of the tentacles sucking her up and raising her high. Every inch of her body was sucked in and she didn't care about changing the past anymore and screamed at the top of her lungs,

"Help! Help!" She pleaded..

"\_INCENDIO\_" A young boy's voice yelled.

A jet of red light shot at the squid setting the squid on fire, it shrieked in a gurgled tone from underwater and it released Falon and shrank back into the lake. Falon fell on the hard packed soil,

"Ow!" She groaned in pain and felt several bruises forming at her temples.

"Who are you?" the same voice of her rescuer asked.

"Falon, uhâ€¦ a third year" She lifted her head, ignoring the soreness of her neck and was face to face with Harry Potter.

He looked a lot more fragile than Daniel Radcliffe and his hair was sticking out in different directions, unlike Radcliffe's neat, flat hair. All of a sudden, Harry's vivid green eyes swirled and the same force that brought Falon to Hogwarts hit her again. \_Wait what? \_After a moment of pondering, she landed on hard concrete floor and her bruised head thumped against a ceramic surface.

"Aghâ€¦" Falon moaned in pain, her braid now loose and stuck with sweats of panic on the side of her face. She leaned on her good hand, hoping to steady herself but no solid object was there.

"Ah! Oh! Phew!" She almost fell down and her stomach felt empty from the fright.

Gasping for breath once, she looked down at the surface she'd tried to lean on. It was a gaping hole. A rock fell down and a full 30 seconds later a \_Clunk\_ answered. She new, this was the girls washroom that Myrtle died in. The Chamber of Secrets has been opened. But by who?

"Oh! A new girl has come to join Harry Potter, ahâ€¦ Death, death, deathâ€¦ More people willing to die." A high pitched giggle followed the sickening sweet voice.

Falon looked up and saw a translucent girl staring at her with a creepy smile, she looked young with lunatic's eyes but lines engraved into her forehead and her thin pigtails bouncing with round askewed glasses. It was nothing like it was in the movies but she was recognizable, she was Moaning Myrtle, the ghost of a young girl who died 50 years ago in the girls bathroom by a basilisk. Myrtle floated towards Falon with a mischievous smile and Falon backed up, terrified, forgetting there was a hole behind her and there was an endless fall. The cool air rushed along her body and Falon's eyes widened with fear.

"Ohft!" Falon grunted as she landed, surprisingly, it didn't hurt but she shuddered at the skulls of the victims of the basilisk that softened her fall.

It was pitch black, the only bit of light was the hole that seemed tiny above her. Falon stretched out her hands instinctively to feel around. Then a low voice seems to speaking from far away.

"... I was too late to save the girl and that you two tragically lost your minds at the sight of her mangled body. Say goodbye to your memories!"

\_This was when Lockhart tried to erase Harry and Ron's memory! Oh godâ€¦ I traveled forward in timeâ€¦\_ Falon hid naturally into the shadows and inched forward carefully.

Â”\_Obliviate\_!" The same voice cried, a wispy white light flashed, then the source of light was gone.

Finally, her vision adjusted to the darkness and saw three figures. A golden potato with a dark red wand beside it. Harry and a red haired boy who was taller than she was stood with freckles spreaded across his face. Before they could even talk, the rocks in front of them exploded. Boom! Stones flew every direction, missing them only by inches and landing with sharp \_Thump\_s. Falon gasped in shock, sharply. Harry's bright the green eyes found her in the depths of the shadows. Falon realized that Harry was suppose to get passed the rocks in \_The Chamber of Secrets\_ but she changed something that prevented him.

"Woah! Falon is it? Look, we didn't purposely go to the girls washroom and this is not what it seems like." The ginger boy stuttered awkwardly and shot a glance at Lockhart's potato body.

"Let's worry about that laterâ€¦ We still have to get past those rocks, or else your sister would die, Ron!" Falon assumed freckle boy was Ron. \_Looks less stupid than Rupert Grint.\_ She almost giggled at the thought but stopped it just in time.

"Waitâ€¦ How did you know my name?" Ron demanded.

\_Oops!\_ "By looksâ€¦" Falon replied the first answer on her mind.

"Come on, we've got to get moving! \_Wingardium Leviosa!\_" Harry pulled out his holly wand and pointed at a large boulder.

A large hole soon appeared in the wall of rocks. Then, the cave they were in crashed.

"AAAAAAHHHHHHHH!" Falon screamed and a giant snake rammed through the rest of the cavern.

The three of them immediately looked down, knowing the stare of a basilisk would kill. \_Thump! \_An object hit Falon on the head, she turned around, careful not to look up and saw a black, moleskine notebook. \_Tom Riddle's diary...\_She didn't know what she was doing but somehow, her instinct told her to grab the diary.

"Falon! What are you doing!?" Ron shouted.

An undesirable feeling ran through Falon as her fingers closed around the leathery cover. Power flooded through her.

"\_Kill the Chosen\_ \_One, kill him!" \_A cunning yet persuasive voice of a young man circled her mind. The voice made her feel murderous and Lockhart's wand flew to her hands.

She whispered in an emotionless voice "\_Avada Kedavra\_"

A jet of green light as bright as Harry's eyes shot towards the Harry. Ron lunged and pushed him out of the spell's radius just in time and both pressed against the ragged rocks, fearing Falon.

"Falon?" Harry said in a small, quavering voice. His face twisted in pain from slamming onto the floor, but that look fills her with glee.

"Face your death, The Boy Who Lived." Falon said, not in her own voice but the same one as the one that swirled in her head seconds ago.

Then Falon realized her actions and her mind went blank.

She appeared again lying against a glass wall.

"Huh?" Falon winced as she tried to stand up, expecting her sore legs to screech in pain but they felt unreal.

She looked around as her vision was foggy from unconsciousness and stretched her arms out to test if their stiff. Before her arms could even unfold, something stopped her, it felt like a barrier but she can't exactly feel it. With her elbows pressed against the barrier Falon stood up slowly and her eyes finally functioned. She gasped, Falon was in a glass box, just enough for her height and her width with her arms against her sides.

"Let me OUT!" Falon yelled as she banged the glass the outside of the cage was pitch black. But the glass didn't feel like anything, her fists didn't bounce back with pain and even her fingers can't feel each other in her curled up. Something flickered, Falon caught the movement at the corner of her right eye and carefully shifting herself to see what had made the light. A huge screen was there, it was playing something from a first person perspective. She pressed her face against the glass to look closer, Falon noticed it was displaying what she'd done seconds ago, on the verge to kill Harry

Potter. \_How long have I been unconscious for? \_She asked herself.

"Ahâ€¦| The girl has awoken. Asleep for longer than I've expected but you've done very wellâ€¦|" The speaker inside of her head said, but this time his voice hit her eardrums.

A handsome man with a charming and pale face appeared in front of the structure Falon was imprisoned in. With the dull eyes she recognized him, \_Tom Riddle, Lord Voldemort\_. Tom turned his handsome face towards the screen.

"Your doings. Aren't you proud?"

Falon looked at the screen again but this time she processed the information. A elegant wand was raised and lights flew towards two young boys, they have no way out, at some point the hole Harry made in the stone wall was covered. The boys were drenched in sweats of panic and fear, a giant serpent attack striking them and missing purposely for the sake of tiring them out. It's scales occasionally brushed their skins to scorch and cut them.

"Where am I?" Falon asked blankly.

"In your head, like Ginny Weasley. I can charm females easily"Tom said with a small laugh and raised his own wand from his robes and directed his attention back to the screen.

"\_Start killing." \_Tom hissed in a snakelike way. Falon assumed he was speaking Parseltongue but it didn't sound foreign. Did time travelers get special translations or something?

As soon as Riddle spoke, the snake began launching attacks aiming harshly, Harry and Ron dodge with difficulty, they screamed spells but the basilisk barely noticed the lights hitting its scales.

"Stop! You don't know what you're doing! you'll change everything!" Falon pounded on the glass like a lunatic and screamed desperately. But Riddle just smiled. "AGH!" She felt heat rise up to her face as frustration fumed in her and banged the glass, hoping it would break. The basilisk bit into the flesh of Harry's right forearm. Blood was everywhere, even though no sounds were projected she could feel the deep pain and agony of Harry. Hope was lost. Harry and Ron would die because Falon wasn't strong enough to protect herself from Riddle and she slid down to a sitting position, defeated. Hot tears fell down her face as she watched Harry slowly bleeding and poisoned to death and the thought of what would happen to her muggle family when Voldemort takes over. Falon rested her hand on the glass. \_Falon, c'mon you can't just \_\_\*\*give up\*\*\_ \_like that. There's always hope. \_A memory floated back, her mom was lecturing her when she wanted to give up on basketball. \_There is no more hope, sorry mom and dad we'll all be dead. I wish this glass would just break underneath my hand.\_ Her thoughts argued back at the memory.

\_This glass \_\_\*\*will\*\*\_ \_break underneath my hand. It will. \_Her head suddenly believed the thought and chanted it again and again. \_This glass\_ \_\_\*\*will\*\*\_ \_break, it \_\_\*\*will!\*\*\_ \_\*\*IT WILL!\*\*\_

A crack appeared at the tip of her finger, \_It\_ \_\_\*\*will\*\*\_ \_break!

\_Another followed, tink, crink the cracks built up, she took her hand back and tapped the cracks lightly, Falon's lips curled up in a smile of triumph. The cage shattered. Even if the impact was silent, Riddle sensed it, he spun around and his calm face suddenly formed into a scared expression.

"No! That's not what's supposed to happen, how did you break my contr-"

Abruptly, the world spun before her and then, she was back in her bedroom. Falon never appreciated the rough material of her pillows that scratched her arms as much as now. She almost was overwhelmed in joy, relieved that it was a dream. Then, she saw the large bloodstained cut on her right hand, anxiety crept back in her stomach and glanced at her loose braided hair that was covered in filth.

"Mom?! Dad?!" Falon called out, trembling.

"What?!" yelled back.

As usual, her mom was watching Soap Oprah in her bed down the hall after work.

"Where's dad?" Dead silence followed, the floorboard creaked as came down the hall.

"In heaven dear, he got killed in a mass murder of 13 people days before you were born. Funny thing, loads of people got murdered mysteriously after that. I've told you that story many times, is there something wrong?" Falon's mom said quietly as she walked into her room, even Falon was surprised by the calmness of her mother's voice.

"Sorry, I had a dream that dad was alive." Falon lied, her voice cracked making it sound unconvincing.

"Ok then, good night." planted a kiss on her daughter's forehead and left with a worried look

Falon sat back down on her four poster bed, shaking and her eyes stung with tears, her mom's soft kiss remained on her head, she'd killed her dad somehow. \_Wait, mass murder of 13 people. Sirius Black was framed for murdering 13 people. \_ She came to her senses and grabbed \_the Prisoner of Azkaban\_, Falon flipped to the middle of the book frantically; \_Sirius Black smiled warmly at his godson before he took his final breath before Pettigrew killed him.\_

\_NO!\_ Falon's heart dropped and threw the hard cover book to her side and took the \_Deathly Hallows \_off her HP shelf; \_Voldemort began dematerializing and fury can be seen in his face. Crack! A black smoke flashed and he disappeared.\_

Falon's eyes widened at the text and suddenly remembered the man who brought her back in time, she ran to her window and they gray covered man was still there. He lifted his fedora and revealed popping maniacally and occasionally stuck his tongue out quickly from his forever twitching mouth. It was Barty Crouch Jr. He laughed loudly, mouth wide on his gaunt and bony face. Crouch reached in his pocket and pulled his wand out, rolled up his right arm's sleeve and on his



pale forearm there was a tattoo. Through Falon's blurred vision, she saw the tattoo move, her heart dropped to her stomach. \_The Dark Mark.\_ She wanted to scream and call the police and get this crazy thing over with, but her body didn't move. Crouch muttered something and a green jet of light shot towards the sky, it exploded revealing a firework that made a sign on the gray thundering sky. Out comes a green skull with a snake slithering out of a socket, it was the Dark Mark, Voldemort's mark

End  
file.